

# Excerpt terms and conditions



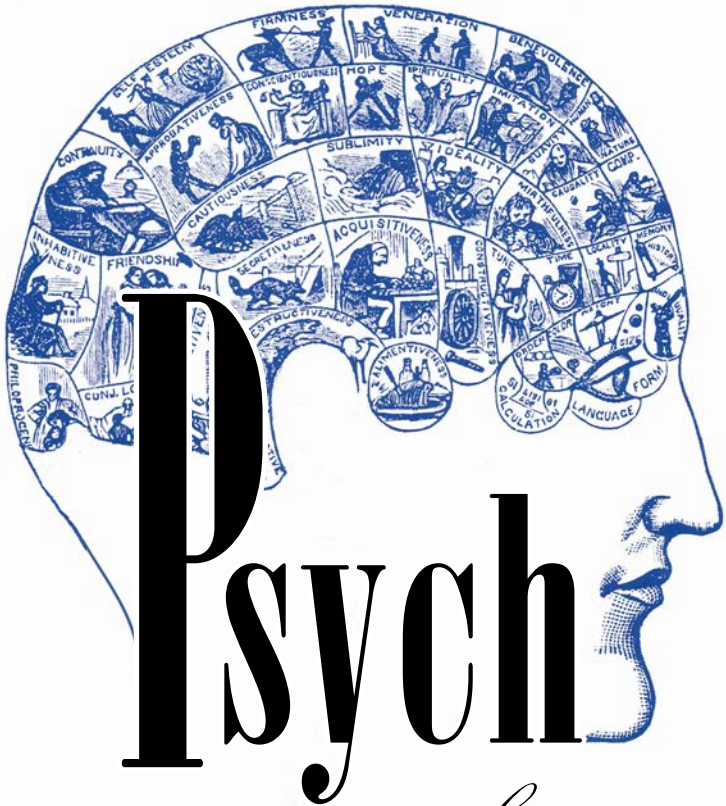
This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

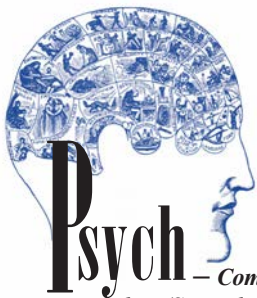
Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

*Dramatic Publishing*



*by*  
**Lisa Rowe**



# Psych

*Comedy. By Lisa Rowe. Cast: 4m., 2w., 1 either gender. (Several of the characters may have their genders reversed, if necessary.)* Edward Baxter was a successful psychiatrist, beloved by his many patients—until he was framed for murder. Now on the run with an assumed identity and a suspicious new wife, his luck is running out. Edward seeks help from Dr. Robert Smith, a fellow psychiatrist and a man with inner demons of his own. When Edward’s meeting with Dr. Smith goes wildly awry and leaves Edward clinging precariously to his last shred of sanity, Dr. Smith’s patient Lydia (a goodhearted psychic woman with clues to Edward’s past) arrives for her appointment to find Edward in big trouble. Despite the chaos created by unexpected visitors and quirks in Lydia’s psychic powers, Lydia does her best to gain Edward’s trust and help him find justice as his world rapidly approaches critical mass. *Psych’s* humor is broad in scope including slapstick, wordplay and a bit of dark humor. “Comical twists ... plenty of laughter.” (*West Bend News*) “Clever ... kept us guessing.” (*Waukesha Freeman*) *Unit set. Approximate running time: 1 hour; 40 minutes. Code: PL4.*

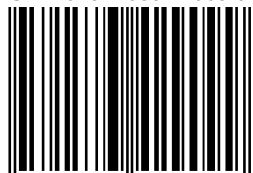
“Packed with side-splitting antics and a storyline that make its audiences laugh uncontrollably.”

—*Oconomowoc Focus*

Cover art and concept: Lisa Rowe.

Cover design: Susan Carle.

ISBN: 978-1-58342-909-9



9 781583 429099 >

[www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com)



*Dramatic Publishing*

311 Washington St.  
Woodstock, IL 60098  
ph: 800-448-7469



Printed on recycled paper

# Psych

By

LISA ROWE



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: [www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

©MMXIV by  
LISA ROWE

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(PSYCH)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-909-9

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., of Woodstock, Illinois.”

*Psych* premiered at the Lake Country Playhouse in Hartland, Wisc., on Sept. 5, 2008.

CAST (in order of appearance):

Dr. Robert Smith ..... Jim Booras  
Edward ..... Paul Burkard  
Sam ..... Jim Booras  
Lydia ..... Roberta Prospeck  
Irving..... Wesley Yoshino  
Gangster ..... Michael Crowley  
Suzanne ..... Michele Olshanski  
Pizza Guy ..... Amy Winter, Carl Liden, Alex Kartanos,  
Tim Abbey, Sam Burkard and Jim Baker

CREW:

Director ..... Lisa Rowe  
Producer ..... Carl Liden  
Assistant Director..... Karen Kruger  
Stage Manager ..... Chris Meissner  
Light and Sound..... Tim Abbey  
Set Design ..... Lisa Rowe  
Set Master ..... Ron Erlich

*Psych* is dedicated to  
Edward Alva Gard:  
author, veteran, gentleman, friend.  
Your words inspire.



## SETTINGS & SOUND CUES

The set is a nicely appointed psychiatrist's office.

### ACT I:

Scene 1: Present day, late afternoon.

Toilet flushing

Scene 2: Ten minutes later.

Phone ringing

Intermission

### ACT II:

Scene 1: Continuation of previous act.

Toilet flushing

Scene 2: A little while later.

Gunshot (if the prop guns do not fire blanks)

# Psych

## CHARACTERS

**DR. ROBERT SMITH:** Works as a psychiatrist, and the play takes place during one afternoon in his office. He has problems and secrets of his own; he is a middle-aged man who quickly transitions from being frightened and frantic to calm, intelligent and even charming. He wears black shoes, black dress slacks, a black belt, a white shirt and a solid black tie.

**EDWARD:** A former psychiatrist who has been wrongly convicted of killing one of his patients. A kind man with great integrity, he was once successful and well known, but now as an escaped convict, he is scrambling to get by and to remain anonymous in a world that has betrayed him. His luck is beginning to run out, and he turns to Dr. Smith for help. He wears dress slacks, a dress shirt and tie.

**LYDIA:** A good-hearted psychic woman, Lydia is Dr. Smith's patient because—along with fame—her psychic powers bring isolation and stress. Lydia speaks with a heavy but nondescript eastern-European accent and enters wearing a large, bright, multicolored overcoat and a borderline outrageous wig.

**SAM:** Dr. Smith's identical twin brother, Sam is honest and loyal. This actor should be suited for broad physical comedy. He is played by the same actor who plays Dr. Smith and wears the same clothing with the exception that, when he is Sam, his shirt has a small security patch over the left breast and he carries a clip-on holster with a small handgun on his belt.

**IRVING:** An endearing if not quite mature 20-something who is still trying to find himself; a would-be actor who has recently taken up the practice of private investigation. He has been hired by Suzanne to investigate Edward, and this is his first case. He wears an oversized trench coat and deerstalker hat.

**GANGSTER:** Loud, brassy and overconfident. He sees himself as one of the gangsters of old and even dresses the part. His acting is broad, but his lines are nuanced, so this actor must have good comedic intuition.

**SUZANNE:** Edward's wife, although she knows him as "Bob." She loves Edward but has grown suspicious of his activities and hired Irving to investigate him. Suzanne finds herself thrown into a (to her) nonsensical confrontation of all of the above characters (except for Dr. Smith, who by now is dead). She eventually figures out, to her chagrin, that in order to spare her husband's life, she must play along with the others and assume a false identity.

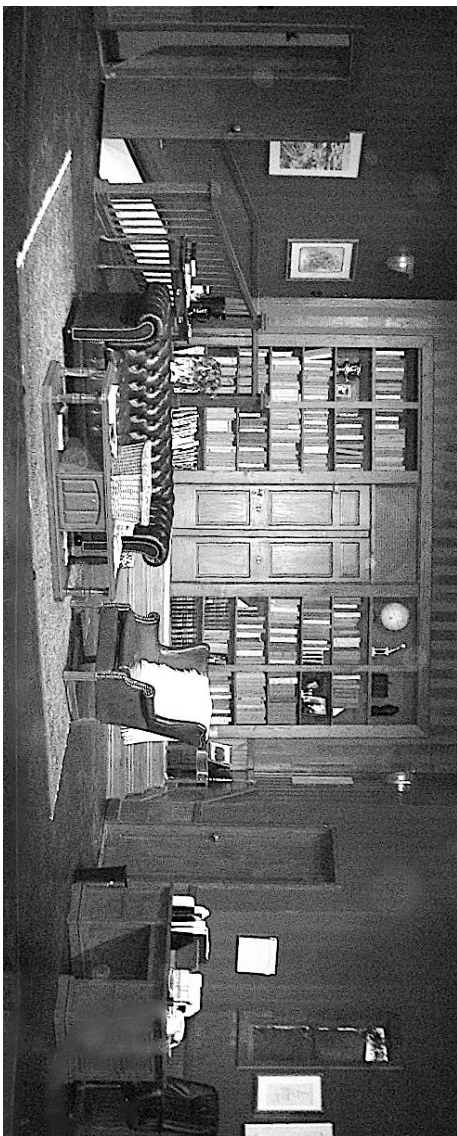
**PIZZA GUY:** A pizza delivery person dressed as a giant slice of pizza, with a large "Speedy Pizza" logo on the front of the costume. This character has three lines.

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

Several areas of the production merit special attention:

- 1. Edward must not become relaxed with Dr. Smith too quickly.**  
When Edward and Dr. Smith meet, each is highly suspicious of and uncomfortable with the other. In a normal situation, Edward would immediately walk out the door; however, today he must remain. Edward's acute anxiety should be obvious from the beginning and should remain until after he discloses his true identity.
- 2. Suzanne must not become comfortable with Edward (or the others) too soon.**  
When Suzanne enters the scene, she is immediately suspicious of Edward and very upset with what she believes is happening. She should remain so until after Edward has disclosed his true identity, and we finally learn that Suzanne believes Edward and forgives him for his deception.
- 3. The door locking sequence throughout the script must be followed as it is important to the storyline.**  
The locks need not be functional, they just need to look like they are working. What is important is that they may be locked and unlocked in quick succession; locking or unlocking all of them should take no more than a few seconds. Sliding deadbolt locks work best.
- 4. Any of the characters except Edward and Suzanne may have their gender changed, if necessary, for casting purposes.**  
Note: If Robert/Sam or Lydia have their gender changed, they will end up as a gay couple. Name assignments following gender changes are as follows:  
Robert / Sam becomes Roberta / Samantha  
Lydia / Doreen becomes Leonid / Daniel  
Sterling Brisbane / Irving Porlizotsky becomes Scarlett  
O'Harrison / Gertrude Porlizotsky

## SET



Set design by Brad Ford, Professor Emeritus of Theatre, University of Wisconsin.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

### **Guns**

The show needs four handguns, at least two of which are identical (or nearly so). If the director decides to use guns that fire blanks instead of using a sound cue for the shots fired, the two identical guns must be capable of firing blanks. (This way it will not matter which gun Edward grabs from the basket to “shoot” Sam as either will fire a blank.) The handguns are assigned as follows:

1. Robert’s gun, originally kept in his desk, is identical to the gun kept in the basket (used for therapy). It must be capable of firing blanks.
2. The gangster’s gun, which stays in his possession the entire time, does not need to shoot.
3. Sam’s gun, originally kept as part of his uniform and later taken by Edward, then the gangster, does not need to shoot.
4. The gun kept in the basket, identical to the gun kept in Robert’s desk, must be capable of firing blanks.

### **EpiPen**

An EpiPen is a small and sturdy plastic device used to transport and administer a single dose of epinephrine via a small enclosed (until used) needle to those who suffer from allergies which may result in death by anaphylaxis. Epinephrine is a controlled substance in the US and UK, however it is sold without a prescription in Canada. The EpiPen is roughly the size and shape of a magic marker, with black printing over a white or yellow background, therefore it should be an easy prop to mock up.

### **Coffee**

The coffee pot starts out with one cup of coffee remaining in it.

## **Robert's Legs**

In the original production, a set of mannequin legs dressed in clothing and shoes identical to Robert's was placed inside the closet to stand in for Robert's legs when "Robert" left to assume the "Sam" role.

## **Armchair**

Any reference to a "chair" is a reference to the armchair in the seating area, with the exception of Edward using the wheeled desk chair in Act II, Scene 2.

## PROPERTY LIST

### **Office:**

Desk (containing/holding):

corded phone

drawers containing standard desk/office supplies

EpiPen

handgun

coffee mug

box of tissues

wet hand wipes

briefcase full of money (behind or under desk)

file folders

appointment book

two clipboards with pens attached (one holding a blank form, the other a blank pad of paper)

Wheeled office chair (at desk)

Small trash can (at desk)

Tall sofa table or credenza

framed photographs

golfing trophies, at least one of which is large

Bookcase

books

coffee maker; coffee pot containing one cup of coffee

Couch  
Side chair  
Coffee table  
    magazines  
    box of tissues  
    large basket containing:  
        handgun  
        foam clown nose  
        magic 8 ball  
        small green plastic army men  
        Barbie doll  
        Several other miscellaneous toys  
Coat tree or rack  
Diplomas on wall

**Closet:**

(First) Clyde Patton book  
Objects to make crashing/breaking noises  
Robert's "legs"

**Bathroom:**

Wet, bristled toilet bowl cleaning brush  
Rubber glove  
Objects with which to make "clunk" sound of Sam's head  
    hitting the toilet

**Dr. Smith:**

Watch

**Edward:**

Wallet with paper money  
Trail mix packet  
Watch



**Lydia:**

Vintage bicycle with bulb horn and removable handlebar tassles  
Borderline outrageous wig  
Bright, multicolored overcoat  
Purse (containing):  
    sewing kit  
    lipstick  
    compact  
    nail file  
    (second) Clyde Patton book

**Sam:**

Watch  
Handgun  
Clip-on gun holster  
Wallet with paper money  
Envelope for Dr. Smith, marked “urgent” and “confidential”  
Security patch on shirt

**Irving:**

Trench coat  
Large magnifying glass  
Business cards  
*Ninja Private Eye* (mocked up) magazine  
Notebook and pen

**Gangster:**

Photo of Dr. Smith  
Handgun

**Suzanne:**

Purse (containing)  
    variety of “concession stand” food/drink

**Pizza Guy**

Pizza box  
Liquor bottle

# Psych

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

SETTING: *The set is a well-appointed psychiatrist's office. The office includes a desk and seating area with a couch, armchair and coffee table. There is a coffee mug on the coffee table in front of the armchair. There are three doors: an office door, a bathroom door and a closet door. The office door has three deadbolt locks, a peephole and a light switch next to the frame. The closet door has a light switch next to the frame. An outside wall near the desk has a window. There is a side table or other area with a coffee maker and coffee accoutrements. The office also has a location near the office door where several framed photographs and at least one large golfing trophy are located, and an area on one of the walls where framed diplomas and a professional license hang. There should be other indications that it is a psychiatrist's office, such as a large framed photo of Sigmund Freud, a phrenology poster on the wall, etc.*

AT RISE: *The scene opens with the sound of a toilet flushing, immediately followed by the sound of a phone ringing. DR. ROBERT SMITH comes rushing out the bathroom door with his pants undone, trying to hold them up as he runs for the phone. He may make a pratfall. He lunges for the phone and answers with desperation.*

DR. SMITH. Dr. Smith, psychiatrist. How can I help you?  
Hello? Hello? *Hello ... ?* Damn it!

*(He is clearly nervous and agitated. He hangs the phone up, zips his pants, fastens his belt and then wipes his hands with a hand wipe from the desk. He tosses the used hand wipe in the trash basket, walks to the window and peeks out the blinds, then he crosses to the office door. Upon arriving at the office door, he looks out the peephole and tugs at the door handle to be certain it is locked. As he is crossing back to the window, there is a loud and rapid knock on the office door, causing DR. SMITH to gasp and jump.)*

DR. SMITH *(cont'd, nervously)*. Who's there? *(Without waiting for an answer.)* Just a minute, I'll be right with you. *(He grabs a handgun from a desk drawer, walks quickly to the office door and looks through the peephole.)* Who is it?

EDWARD *(offstage)*. It's ... Jake.

DR. SMITH. Jake who?

EDWARD. Jake ... *(Mumbles a last name.)*

*(DR. SMITH is still looking through the peephole, trying different angles to better view the person outside.)*

DR. SMITH. I don't recognize you. Are you sure we don't have an appointment at 7 o'clock?

EDWARD. No, we don't have an appointment at all. I'm here to make one.

*(There is a pause while a very worried DR. SMITH contemplates what to do.)*

EDWARD *(cont'd)*. Hello?

DR. SMITH. Yes, I'm still here.

EDWARD *(urgently)*. I need to talk to you. It's an emergency!

*(Nervously relenting, DR. SMITH unlocks the door but conceals himself behind it with his gun drawn.)*

DR. SMITH. All right, come in.

*(EDWARD enters but does not see DR. SMITH.)*

EDWARD. Hello? I'm looking for Dr. Smith, the psychiatrist ...

DR. SMITH *(stepping from behind the door with his gun drawn on EDWARD, nervously)*. I'm Dr. Smith. Put your hands in the air!

EDWARD *(shocked)*. What?! OK. *(Raises his hands in the air.)*

DR. SMITH *(patting EDWARD for weapons)*. You're not carrying any weapons, are you?

EDWARD. Weapons?! No!

DR. SMITH *(ingratiating, must quickly regain EDWARD's trust after an unusual and awkward introduction)*. OK, good. *(Tucks gun into his waistband.)* Sorry about that, one can't be too cautious these days. *(Shuts and relocks the door.)* Well then, how can I help you? You said you need an appointment?

*(EDWARD obviously remains exceptionally wary of DR. SMITH.)*

EDWARD. Yes, as soon as possible.

DR. SMITH. All right. One moment, let me get my appointment book. *(Walks to the desk and picks up an appointment book.)* What did you say your name was?

EDWARD. Joe.

DR. SMITH. Hello, Joe. So how urgent are we talking?

EDWARD. Very. Like, can I see you right now?

DR. SMITH *(looks at his watch)*. I'm afraid that won't work out. My last appointment is at 5 o'clock, but that's already filled.

EDWARD. First thing tomorrow morning?

DR. SMITH. That won't work either. I'm leaving town tonight and I'll be gone for a few days. But perhaps I can help you find another psychiatrist who is available. Let me make a quick call ... *(Heads for the phone.)*

EDWARD. *No!* No, it has to be you.

DR. SMITH. Oh. OK.

EDWARD. When will you be back in town?

DR. SMITH. Monday. I can see you first thing Monday morning.

EDWARD. I guess Monday will have to do.

DR. SMITH (*writing appointment in book*). All right then, I'll see you Monday at nine. You know, I do have a few minutes right now if you'd like to get the paperwork started. How about that?

EDWARD. Yes, that would be great. Thank you.

DR. SMITH. Good. Why don't you have a seat over there (*Indicates the couch.*) and I'll get the forms you need to fill out.

EDWARD. OK.

*(EDWARD sits on the couch. DR. SMITH walks to his desk, grabs two clipboards with pens attached and walks to the seating area. One clipboard has forms that EDWARD will fill out, and the other has a pad of paper for DR. SMITH to take notes.*

*Through the remainder of the scene, and up to the point where DR. SMITH begins to recognize EDWARD from the details of EDWARD's criminal case, it is clear from DR. SMITH's mannerisms, speech and demeanor that he is highly distracted by his anticipation of the dangerous person's arrival, almost to the point of appearing uninterested in whatever EDWARD has to say. During this time, DR. SMITH fidgets excessively and may even move to the window to sneak a glance or two outside, with a forced nonchalance.)*

DR. SMITH (*handing the clipboard with the forms to EDWARD*). Here you go.

EDWARD. Thanks.

*(EDWARD begins to fill out the paperwork. DR. SMITH places the other clipboard on the coffee table and is about to take a seat in the armchair when the phone on his desk rings. It is an older, corded phone.)*

DR. SMITH. Better get that.

*(DR. SMITH walks to where the phone is located on his desk.)*

EDWARD. Oh wow, that's an old phone.

DR. SMITH *(speaking while he walks to his desk)*. Yes, well I'm stuck with it. Cordless phones don't work anywhere in this building. *(Speaking into phone.)* Hello, Dr. Smith ... Oh, hello, Lydia ... That's all right, just get in when you can ... Sure, I understand; spirits have no concept of time. Oh, and tell Elvis he's still "The King" in my book, would you? OK, thanks. See you in a bit ... Bye.

*(DR. SMITH hangs up the phone and begins to walk back to the seating area, but before he arrives, the phone rings again, and he returns to answer it.)*

DR. SMITH *(cont'd, answers phone)*. Hello, Dr. Smith.

*(DR. SMITH turns away from EDWARD and lowers his voice to speak on the phone. EDWARD continues to fill out the paperwork but casually eavesdrops on the conversation.)*

DR. SMITH *(cont'd, terse and increasingly angry)*. Yes, it's still on ... Yes, I will be here, in my office, at 7 o'clock ... No, but I've come up with some more since then ... *(Raising his voice.)* Well maybe it's time I started calling the shots around here! So here's my offer: take it or leave it. And if you think I'm going to keep putting up with your little head games after today, you're in for a big surprise!

*(DR. SMITH slams the phone down, but it is obvious that his anger was an act and he is actually frightened.)*

DR. SMITH *(cont'd, regaining composure, to EDWARD)*.

I'm very sorry about that, it's a ... bad situation.

EDWARD. No need to explain, I'm sure your job is very stressful. I mean I can't help but notice that you carry a gun.

DR. SMITH. Oh! *(Laughs self-consciously.)* I forgot that was there. I don't usually carry a gun. It's just that there's a dangerous person who might show up here today and, well, I can't say anything more. Confidentiality rules, you know. I'm sorry if I upset you with the gun. Let me put it away. *(Places the gun on his desk then resumes his seat in the chair.)* There.

EDWARD. Thanks.

DR. SMITH. All right then, whenever you're ready ...

EDWARD. Wait, I need to ask you something. Could we do this, sort of ... on the side?

DR. SMITH. What do you mean, "on the side"?

EDWARD. I'm going to pay you in cash. And I don't want to fill out any paperwork.

DR. SMITH. Well, I'll need you to provide at least your name, address and date of birth. Can you do that much?

EDWARD. Yes, I've done that. But not the rest of it.

DR. SMITH. That's fine, I'll take what you have. *(Takes clipboard with paperwork from EDWARD.)* By the way, that first call was my 5 o'clock appointment. She's running late, so we have about 20 minutes or so to get started, if you'd like.

EDWARD. Yes, let's do that.

DR. SMITH. Oh, before we begin, can I get you some coffee?

EDWARD. No thanks. Too much caffeine can really screw up your neurotransmitters.

DR. SMITH *(chuckles)*. Well if that's true then my neurotransmitters are rapidly approaching critical mass. *(Takes the last sip of coffee.)* Anyway, shall we get started?

EDWARD. Yes, please.

DR. SMITH (*reading from EDWARD's paperwork*). OK, let's see what we can do for you today, Mr. ... uh, Doe. John Doe. (*Looks at EDWARD in confusion.*) I'm sorry, for some reason I've been calling you Joe.

EDWARD. You can call me Jim.

DR. SMITH. Jim. Is that your real name?

EDWARD. No.

DR. SMITH. OK, Jim. Jim of ... (*Looks at paperwork.*) 123 Main Street, Anytown, USA.

EDWARD. That's not my real address either.

DR. SMITH. I gathered.

*(DR. SMITH sets the clipboard on the coffee table, picks up the clipboard with the pad of paper on it and poises pen to begin writing.)*

DR. SMITH. OK "Jim," why don't we start out with ...

EDWARD. Oh, another thing. I don't want you to take notes.

DR. SMITH. OK, I don't have to take notes. (*Sets the clipboard down.*) So what urgency brings you here today, Jim?

EDWARD. Excuse me?

DR. SMITH. What brings you here today, Jim?

EDWARD. Who?

DR. SMITH. Jim. You.

EDWARD. Oh! Right. Well ... I came here today because I sort of have a problem with ... with uh ... telling the truth.

DR. SMITH. Really.

EDWARD. Yeah. And it's causing me all sorts of trouble.

DR. SMITH. When did this start to become a problem for you?

EDWARD. OK, it all started about three years ago. I walked into my office early one Monday morning. It was an office



set up much like this one. (*Becomes animated and begins to walk around the office, acting it out as he speaks.*) I entered the door over here, and much to my shock found one of my clients—Tiffany—passed out right in the middle of the floor!

DR. SMITH. So what did you do?

EDWARD. So I run over to her and try to revive her. I'm yelling her name—"Tiffany! Tiffany!" I check her wrist and her neck for a pulse, and I can't find one. I start to give her CPR ... but I can tell right away that she's dead.

DR. SMITH. How do you know? Was she blue?

EDWARD. No. Stiff.

DR. SMITH. Oh. So dead within the last 24 hours or so.

EDWARD. Yeah. (*Shudders.*) But I call 911 anyway. And then I cover her with a blanket. You know, out of respect. Which turns out to be a really stupid thing to do. Anyway, the paramedics arrive and pronounce her DOA.

DR. SMITH. How distressing.

EDWARD. That's not the half of it! Then the cops show up and start questioning *me*. When is the last time I saw her? Last Friday at her appointment. Where have I been the last few days? Well, that's the first problem.

DR. SMITH. How so?

EDWARD. Because I spent the weekend alone at my family's cabin. My wife and I—well, now she's my ex-wife—anyway we weren't getting along and I thought we could use some time apart. Can I prove I was there? No, I can't *prove* I was there. But it's the truth!

DR. SMITH. Go on.

EDWARD. So the cops finally let me go. I cancel my appointments for the day and go home. The next thing I know there's a knock at the door. It's the police, and they've come to arrest *me* for Tiffany's murder!

DR. SMITH. They arrested you because you didn't have an alibi?

EDWARD. Oh, there's more. It turns out they searched Tiffany's apartment and found her diary. And in her diary she's been fantasizing a romantic relationship with me. Only in the diary she doesn't *say* that it's a fantasy, she writes it like it's all *actually happening*.

DR. SMITH. Hold on. What did they say was the cause of death?

EDWARD. Strangling. And of course *my* DNA is all over her from the CPR and the blanket.

DR. SMITH. Uh oh. That's bad.

EDWARD. Well *yeah*.

DR. SMITH. So what did you do?

EDWARD. What *could* I do? I wasn't going to plead guilty to a crime I didn't commit! So I took it to trial, thinking, "This is America! Justice will prevail!" Right? Only, it didn't.

DR. SMITH. They found you guilty of murder?

EDWARD. Not murder, "only" of manslaughter because it was a "crime of passion."

DR. SMITH. How awful.

EDWARD. Actually, it's the only decent break I got in the whole case.

DR. SMITH. What do you mean?

EDWARD. Well, with the murder charge gone the judge *finally* allowed me to be released on bail so I could put my affairs in order before the sentencing.

DR. SMITH. So you made bail and now you're awaiting sentencing.

EDWARD. Not exactly.

DR. SMITH. So what happened?

EDWARD. Well, I did what any sane, innocent person would do in that situation: I left a suicide note, faked my own death and assumed a new identity. So here I am. Except I don't legally exist.

DR. SMITH. Oh geez.

EDWARD. And then I did something *really* stupid.

DR. SMITH. What's that?

EDWARD. I got married. I mean I love her and everything ...

*(EDWARD notices that DR. SMITH has become uncomfortable with the information being revealed. EDWARD becomes extremely nervous.)*

EDWARD *(cont'd)*. Oh my god! Oh my god I just told you the truth! I've never told anyone any of this before! You're not going to tell anyone, are you?! You're not going to call the police? Oh *please* don't call the police!

DR. SMITH. Relax. Everything you tell me here is held in strictest confidence. What would I tell them anyway? *(Points to clipboard.)* You haven't even given me your real identity.

EDWARD. That's true. *(Loosens collar.)*

DR. SMITH. Are you OK?

EDWARD. I'm a little anxious. And a little weak, but I'll be fine.

DR. SMITH. You're weak?

EDWARD. I was so nervous about coming here today that I couldn't eat anything. So I might be on the verge of a blood sugar crash. I'm hypoglycemic.

DR. SMITH. Hang on, I think I've got some candy in my desk. Let me take a look. *(Starts to rise from his chair.)*

EDWARD. Oh, no thanks. I always carry an emergency snack in case a crash actually starts. *(Pats breast pocket of shirt.)* I'm OK for now. Besides, we don't have much time and I'd rather get down to business.

DR. SMITH. OK. *(Sits down again.)* Wow, I don't know what to say. Except I'm pretty sure I can help you get started in therapy.

EDWARD. I won't need a lot of help. Not what you're probably expecting, anyway.

DR. SMITH. Well what kind of help do you need?

EDWARD. All I need right now is to pull off one more lie to my wife. My new wife, that is.

DR. SMITH. What's the lie?

EDWARD. OK. I met my second wife, Suzanne, about eight months ago. When I met her, I told her I was a doctor. I mean I couldn't just say, "Hi, my name is Bob and I'm an escaped convict," right? And I thought that by telling her I was a doctor I would at least be able to keep the lies about my profession straight. Sound credible, you know?

DR. SMITH. So you were a doctor?

EDWARD. Yes.

DR. SMITH. Named Bob.

EDWARD. No.

DR. SMITH (*sighs*). Go on ...

EDWARD. OK. The truth is that I do odd jobs ... handyman stuff, lawn care, that kind of thing. For cash. But the problem is she still thinks I'm a doctor.

DR. SMITH. So what kind of a doctor does she think you are?

EDWARD. A psychiatrist.

DR. SMITH. A psychiatrist! How did you come up with that idea?

EDWARD. I used to be one.

DR. SMITH. Really.

EDWARD. Yep. No lie.

DR. SMITH. How long were you in practice?

EDWARD. Seventeen years.

DR. SMITH. Where?

EDWARD. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

DR. SMITH. Hey, wait a minute. I remember that case now! It was all over the trade journals.

EDWARD. I know.